

The Mirror

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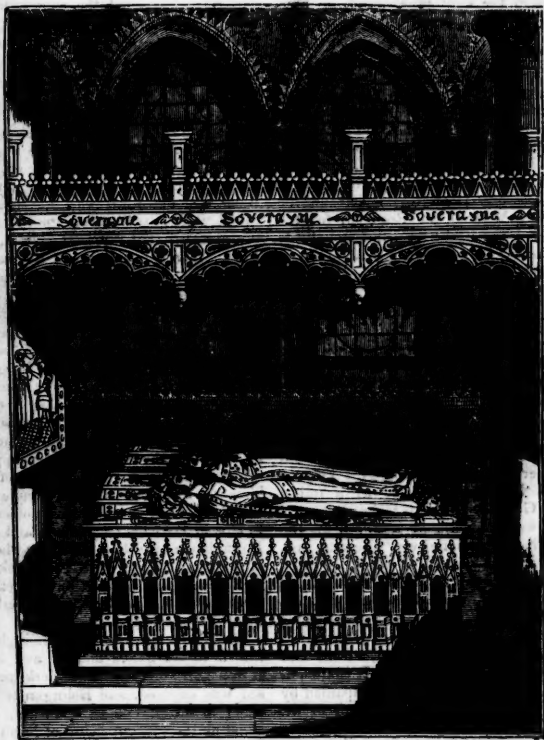
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 886.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1838.

[PRICE 2d.]

Tombs of the Sovereigns of England.



TOMB OF HENRY IV., AND JOAN OF NAVARRE, HIS QUEEN.

This superb altar-tomb is one of the "curiosities" of the cathedral at Canterbury. It stands on the north side of the Trinity Chapel, (in which stood the shrine of Thomas à Becket,) and opposite to the monument of Edward the Black Prince.

Henry the Fourth, the first king of the house of Lancaster, and surnamed of Bolingbroke, from the castle in Lincolnshire wherein he was born, in the year 1367, was the son of John of Gaunt by his first wife Blanche, daughter of Henry, Duke of Lancaster. Thus, in blood, he was truly royal;

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for Edward III. was his paternal grandfather, and he descended directly, by his mother's side, from Edmund Crouchback, first Earl of Lancaster, the second son of Henry III. His first wife, the mother of all his issue, was Mary, second daughter and coheir of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, in whose right he was created Duke of Hereford by King Richard the Second; and bore also, after his father's death, the title of Duke of Lancaster, and Earl of Derby.

Bolingbroke, having taken occasion one

day, in conversation with Thomas Mowbray, first Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England, to animadvert somewhat freely on his cousin King Richard's misgovernment, Norfolk denounced him to the king as a traitor. Bolingbroke recriminated on him as a malignant forger of seditious tales, and requested the king to allow him to clear himself by the trial by battle, "by the stroke of a spere and the dent of a sword." They both, in the royal presence, interchangeably threw down their gages, and the king appointed a day at Coventry for the adjustment of this legal quarrel by duel. The chivalrous ceremony is thus described in the old chronicles. On the appointed day, the Dukes came to Coventry, accompanied by the noblemen and gentlemen of their lineage, who encouraged them to fight. The Duke of Albemarle, or Aumarle, and the Duke of Surrey,* the one High Constable, and the other High Marshal, of England, for the day, entered the lists with a numerous body of attendants; each of whom was attired in "silke cendal," having a "tipped staff" in his hand to keep the field in order. About the hour of prime (six in the forenoon,) Bolingbroke came to the lists armed at all points, mounted on a white courser, barbed with blue and green velvet, embrodered sumptuously with swans and antelopes of goldsmiths' work. The Constable and Marshal demanded of him at the barriers who he was? "I am," replied the noble appellant, "Henry of Lancaster, Duke of Hereford, who am come hither to do my devoir against Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, as a traitor untrue to God, the King, his realm, and me!" Then he was immediately sworn upon the Gospels that his quarrel was true and just, and therefore he desired to enter the lists. He then returned his sword to the scabbard, put back his vizor, crossed his forehead, entered within the barriers, alighted from his horse, and sat down in a chair of green velvet, beneath a canopy, also of velvet, at one end of the lists. Soon after, King Richard entered the field in great state, accompanied by the peers of the realm and the Earl of St. Paul, who had journeyed post from France expressly to see this challenge. The King had above ten thousand men in harness with him as a guard. He ascended a stage, royally decorated, and seated himself. A herald forbade, in the Constable and Marshal's names, all persons, on pain of death, from touching the lists, except the officers for marshalling the field. Another herald proclaimed the entry of the combatants. Meanwhile, the Duke of Norfolk, completely armed, was wheeling about before the entrance

* Edward Plantagenet, son of Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, was created Duke of Albemarle, and Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent, Duke of Surrey, by Richard the Second: both were deprived of their dignities by King Henry the Fourth.

to the lists on his destrier, barded with crimson velvet, embrodered with silver lions, (the bearing of his house,) intermixed with mulberry-trees. When he had taken the oath, that his quarrel was just and true, he rode within the barrier into the field, exclaiming aloud, "God defend the right!" and sat him down in a chair of crimson velvet, canopied with white and red damask. The Marshal then measured the spears, to see they were of equal length. He himself delivered one to the appellant, and sent the other to the defendant by a knight. At the King's command, the seats of the champions were now removed, they mounted their coursers, closed the beavers of their helms, threw their lances into rest, the trumpets sounded, and the fiery steed of Bolingbroke rushed forward to the course. The Duke of Norfolk's horse was not yet at his full pace, when the King cast down his warder. The heralds called "Ho! ho!"—the signal for arresting the combat. The King's secretary, Sir John Borey, then read from a roll the decision of the King and council, that the combatants had entered the royal lists to "darrain" battle, like two valiant knights, but that because the point in dispute between them was great and weighty, and as Henry, Duke of Hereford, had displeased the King, he was, within fifteen days, to depart the realm, not to return for ten years, on pain of death. That Thomas Mowbray, having sown sedition of which he could make no proof, was also to avoid the realm, never to approach it or its confines again, on pain of death.† This was a summary sentence, more intended to affect the revenues of these noblemen than to answer the ends of justice; and of which Bolingbroke gave Richard, in a short time, ample reason to repent. Bolingbroke retired to France; and Richard, on the death of his father, John of Gaunt, seized his estates into his own hands.

In 1399, the banished Bolingbroke returned to his native shores, and landed at Ravensburg, on the coast of Yorkshire. Richard was deposed, and Bolingbroke was elevated to the throne in his place, notwithstanding the superior claims of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of Marche. Henry by no means, however, succeeded to an undisturbed sway. While Richard was yet alive, and in confinement at Pontefract Castle, a mock Richard was found to personate him; and, this con-

* With what a faithful adherence to the chronicler's (Hall) narrative, and with what spirit, has Shakespeare dramatised this scene! Richard thus pronounces sentence on Norfolk in the play:

Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce.
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
The hateful limit of thy dear exile;
The hopeless word of never to return,
Breathe I against thee upon pain of life!

Richard II., act i., sc. 3.

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quency being defeated, the royal captive was privately put to death as a matter of state policy.* The rebellion of the Percys, which followed in 1403, was terminated by the victory of Shrewsbury, in which fell the gallant Henry Percy, "the Hotspur of the North." His father, the Earl of Northumberland, in 1406, made a second attempt at revolt, which cost him his life.

Henry enjoyed the crown, that

"Polished perturbation! golden care!"

the object of his chief ambition, but fourteen years. While the more tranquil state of his affairs was giving him leisure to prepare for an expedition to the Holy Land, he was struck with an apoplexy, under which he sunk on the 23rd of March, 1413, in the 46th year of his age.†

A marked instance of the "ruling passion strong in death," occurred in Henry's desiring the crown so indirectly obtained, to be placed on a pillow, at his bed's head, during his last illness. He clung to the splendid hauberk with the fondness of a child for a favourite toy. The motto of his device, "Soverayne," seems to have been imagined under the same influence of mind. His body was conveyed to Feversham by water, and thence by land to the cathedral of Canterbury, where it was interred on the Trinity Sunday following his death, with much state, his son, Henry V., and many nobles, attending. There is an improbable tale on record, that they followed but an empty coffin, which the opening of the tomb could only entirely refute.‡

* For the historical details of the death of Richard II. see page 114 of the present volume.

† Testimony of Clement Maidston, that the body of Henry IV. was thrown into the Thames, and not buried at Canterbury. From a Roll in the Library of Corpus Christi College, M. xiv. 98.

‡ About thirty days after the death of Henry IV., there came a certain man of his household to the House of the Holy Trinity at Houslow for refreshment. And, while they were conversing at dinner about the righteousness of that King's manners, the said man answered to a certain squire, Thomas Maydston, sitting at the same table, that God knew if he were a good man. But this most truly, (said he,) I do know, that when his body was conveyed from Westminster towards Canterbury in a small boat to be buried, I was one of those three persons who threw it into the sea between Berkingham and Gravesend. And, he added, with an oath, that so great a tempest and sea burst upon us, that many soldiers following us in eight vessels, were so scattered, that they hardly escaped with life. But we who were with the body, driven to despair of our lives, with common consent, threw it into the sea, and kept the matter very silent. But the chest, in which he lay, covered with a golden pall, we carried with much ceremony to Canterbury, and buried it. Therefore, the monks of Canterbury say, that the sepulchre (not the body) of Henry IV. is with us. . . . Almighty God is witness and Judge, that I saw that man, and that I heard his asseveration to my father, Thomas Maydston, that all the aforesaid things were true.—CLEMENT MAYDSTON. From the Latin of Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, vol. i.

† There are some discrepancies in the dates of Henry's reign, which it may be interesting to correct. The accession of Henry IV. to the crown has

Henry IV. was twice married, first to Mary de Bohun, younger daughter and co-heiress of Humphrey, Earl of Hereford, Essex, and Northampton, High Constable of England, by whom he had issue Henry, Prince of Wales; Thomas, Duke of Clarence; John, Duke of Bedford, (Regent of France, temp. Henry VI.); Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester; Blanche, Duchess of Bavaria; and Philippa, Queen of Denmark. Mary de Bohun died in 1394, and was buried in Canterbury Cathedral. Nine years after Henry espoused Joan, daughter of Charles the First, King of Navarre, and widow of John de Montfort, Duke of Bretagne. She died without children, at that ancient seat of the English Kings from the Saxon times, Havering-at-the-Bower, in Essex, on July 10th, 1397, and was buried in Canterbury Cathedral, where a sumptuous tomb commemorates herself and her husband.

The tomb is of alabaster, painted and parcel gilt, of the richest workmanship; but it has suffered much from barbarous mutilation. The figures are crowned, robed, and bore in their hands, no doubt, the other ensigns of royalty, which are now broken away. The Queen has round her neck a collar of SS; an ornament which is often repeated on other parts of the tomb, as in the King's motto, "Soverayne;" we may, therefore, strongly infer, that the letters SS are used as the initials of that favourite "impress." The earliest instance of the collar of SS is, we believe, that now before us. The King's word, "Soverayne," with an eagle surmounted by a crown, and the Queen's, "A Temperance," with a small animal, said to be an ermine, or a genet, similarly surmounted, adorn the cornice around the canopy of the tomb, which is further decorated with several armorial coats of contemporary nobles. The ceiling of the canopy of the tomb is said to have undergone two paintings; the first painting consists of eagles and greyhounds, surrounded by the garter, having the words, "Soverayne," "A Temperance," between in diagonal stripes; the last of the eagles and gennets placed as stops between the above inscriptions.

We have abridged these attractive details

always hitherto been assigned to the 29th of September, 1399, the day on which Richard II. resigned it; but it is proved by the rolls of Parliament, containing the record of Richard's resignation, and of Henry's accession, that he became King of England on Tuesday, the feast of St. Jerome the Doctor, *id est*, the thirteenth of September, 1399. (Rot. Parl. vol. iii. pp. 415, 416, 417, *et seq.* See also a document relating to Henry's coronation, printed in the *Fœdera*, vol. viii. p. 90.) Henry the Fourth was crowned on Monday, the Feast of St. Edward the Confessor, the 13th of October, 1399; and died on Monday, the 23rd of March, 1413. The memorandum in the Red Book of the Exchequer agrees with these dates.—Chronology of History, by Sir Harris Nicolas, K. C. M. G.; Cabinet Cyclopaedia.

from Mr. Stothard's elaborate work,—*Monumental Effigies*; the letter-press by Alfred John Kemp, Esq., F.S.A.

APRIL.

SWEET April comes,

"and from her green lap throws,
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose."

There is a charm peculiar to this month of the year's dawning beauty. The gardens are reviving; the bees commence their drowsy hum over the golden crocus; the columbine's horn, where they love to dwell, is not yet unfolded, neither is the snowy bell of the lily, but they are gathering balm from the mint and the rosemary flower.

"Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace,
Throws 'out the snow-drop and the crocus first,
The daisy, primrose, violet deeply blue,
And polyanthus of unnumbered dyes,
The yellow wall-flower stained with iron-brown;
And lavish stock that scents the garden round,
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemones, auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves,
And full ranunculus of glowing red."

Is there not a silent language in flowers? they have indeed no speech, but to the contemplative there is a voice among them. The violet and the primrose have a voice—a memory—around them; their scent brings back shadowy dreams of past years, when in youth's early spring we gathered them on grassy banks, and in tiny valleys, far, far distant, and with companions more distant still, when life and hope were new. The past! how is it that what is gone seems ever the brightest? Hope, and the charm of novelty, made the past so beautiful, while, too often, regret and disappointment darken the present. We are ever prone to say, the "former thing were better than these." As we journey on the hard path of this "working-day world," and revert with fond yearnings to the joys that once were ours, how lovely, mellowed by time and distance, do they gleam on our recollections! The fresh dew is still on them, the softening shadows of the morning have not withdrawn and left them in that clear, cold light, by which, ere noon arrives, we learn to estimate them. No more the "freshness of the heart will fall like dew!" the glow of life is gone,—the light has faded from our eyes, which gave to all we looked on such unreal beauty—a meteor gleam, which the dull stream of life will know no more. And the world—the faithless world—has dropped the mask once and for ever, and we cannot believe, as we once did, in its fair seemings; for a repulsive personage, called Suspicion, obtudes his glass, through which Experience urges us to look, and, lo! the fair shows of things melt away, and we learn to pause, ponder, sift, where once we gave the heart's undoubting reliance. The April of our year is gone, the early flowers

have been gathered, the fair blossoms of hope have fallen around us. And those who embarked with us, "youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm," how are they scattered far and wide by the storms of time! The stream still bears us on, joys and sorrows as alike left behind us, "our voyage may be hastened, but it cannot be delayed." Revolving seasons restore the flower and the leaf; for us, there is no second spring, until we reach that haven where we would be,—the land where "One unbounded spring shall circle all!"

ANNE R.

THE GREEN CANARY.

A PRETTY little bird I sing,
Of crested poll and verdant wing,
In manners blithe and airy;
Not always in a cage confin'd,
For he might roam where'er inclin'd—
A lovely green canary.

Thus oft around the room he'd fly,
And to the window-frame he'd lie,
But there he would not linger;
So tame was he—so much at home—
Straight to his mistress would he come,
And perch upon her finger.

And then he'd ope his ivory beak,
And softly press her rosy cheek,
And peck and play discreetly;
Or on her finger would he sit,
Whenever in a singing fit,
And warble there most sweetly.

And if perchance a friend came by,
(To strangers he was ever shy),
He acted circumspcctly;
For though so friendly and so tame,
You first must mention Joey's name,
And he would come directly.

One day, 'tis said, he pass'd the door,
And no one thought to see him more,
But he was not for moving;
So well he knew the sweets of home,
So much unlike was he to some
For ever bent on roving.

Then straight, on hearing Joey's name,
Back to his cage of wire he came,
Where still he loves sincerely;
So let us learn of him—may we
Be ever as sincere as he,
And love our homes as dearly.

Bampton-in-the-Bush.

T. S. A.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITIES' CLUB-HOUSE.

(To the Editor.)

IN the account which you gave in the *Mirror*, page 129 of the present volume, of the Oxford and Cambridge Universities' Club House, Pall Mall, you begin by stating that "the house is now in course of completion;" whereas it has been opened to its members since Feb. the 5th.—In your extract from the *Companion to the Almanack*, there is a considerable error. There are not two libraries, but one; the other room, the dimensions of which are 32 by 28 feet, and which faces Pall Mall, is a drawing-room, but more commonly called the reading-room; it is also furnished with materials for writing. From this room there is a communication with the

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principal drawing-room by a double doorway. In addition to the rooms which you mention in the upper part of the house, there are bath rooms, and servants' sleeping apartments. In the mezzanine, there are several dressing-rooms. — A MEMBER OF THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITIES' CLUB.

The Contemporary Crabeller.

CONSTANTINA, OR KOSTANTINAH.

[The following description of this extraordinary city will form a very interesting pendant to the Engraving of Constantina, in the volume of the *Mirror*, last completed. These details are extracted from Notes made by Major Sir Greville Temple, during his Campaign to "Kostantinah," in September, 1837. Sir Greville was a Member of the Scientific Commission attached to the French army in Africa; and communicated the following paper to the Geographical Society, on February 12. It is printed in the Society's *Journal*, vol. viii. part i. just published.]

Kostantinah or Kosantinah, stands on a peninsula formed by the Rumli, "sandy," or Wader-rummel, "the river of sand." The part on which the town is built was at one time certainly connected with the heights of Setah-el-Mansurah, and of Sidi Meshid, and was separated from them, not, as is always stated, by the hands of men, but by an earthquake or some convulsion of nature, though at what period this took place we cannot ascertain, no tradition whatever of such an event existing. Both sides of the ravine are of calcareous rock, covered with a very shallow coat of vegetable earth. We here discovered four strata: the lower one is black, pure schist; the second is calcareous, black, and, on exposure, separates in laminae; the third calcareous, dark-grey, compact, and very hard; the upper one calcareous, warm yellow, or pale orange, spongy, and filled with fossil remains. These strata are nearly horizontal; the black rocks of Kostantinah, and the black stones with which its principal edifices were formerly constructed, are not, as commonly stated, either of lava or basalt; the stones used in construction were taken from the third stratum. In more modern times the upper stratum has been used as being much softer and more easily worked. The Rumli, which at or near the town turns twenty miles, enters from the S.E. the deep fissure or ravine called El Huwah, existing between the heights of Mansurah and the town. The entrance is extremely narrow, the breadth there from side to side not being more than four yards. The rocks rise perpendicularly on each flank, but there exist narrow ledges at different elevations, which enable a pedestrian to follow the whole of its course to El Kantarah, from which there

exists no difficulty in continuing it to the cascade where the waters debouche from the ravine. A part of the works below the cascade are of marble, and thence called Dar-er-rukham. El Kantarah, as its name indicates, is a bridge across this ravine, placed at the angle which it here makes; the entrance bearing from it about S.S.E., the cascade W.S.W. From the summit of this bridge to the water of the river the height is 114 yards. The bridge itself, which rests on a natural one called Gorra,* is fifty-two yards. The open arch of the natural bridge, called Dholmah, "darkness," is of considerable height; but I was unable, correctly to ascertain what part of the remaining sixty-two yards it occupied; the extreme length of the bridge on its summit from the Bab el Kantarah to its commencement on the opposite side, and following its curve, is 113 yards; its breadth eight yards. Higher up the ravine are either the commencement or the remains of two other bridges or aqueducts, also of Roman construction. The modern part of El Kantarah was built by Mahonese, about forty-five years ago, with, it is said, materials prepared at Mahon! From El Kantarah to the cascade are four natural bridges; the arch of the one nearest the cascade so perfectly resembles a Gothic arch, that at first it appears to be the work of man. The cascade is divided into three falls, which together may be from forty-five to fifty yards, but I did not measure them. The rock which overhangs it on the town side, or left bank, is in perpendicular height exactly m. 109.3 yards, to which must be added a slope formed by the fall of stones and earth, which measures thirty-three yards more; total above the summit of the cascade 142.5 yards: from the top of this rock, named, Keff Shakara; women guilty of adultery are precipitated. Kostantinah, before it received its present name from Constantine its restorer, was called by the Romans *Cirta*; but under the Numidic dominion it must certainly have had another name, for *Cirta* corrupted from *Carta*, the Punic for "a city," was only applied to it by the natives, as we employ the word "town" for London—the city—the town *par excellence*. I entertain not the least doubt of the Numidic city having been of far more considerable extent than the town of Constantina, which was, what it still is at present. The Numidic city extended not only over Kudyat 'Ati, but also on the right of the ravine, and at the base of the Setah el Mansurah. I will not here bring forward the proofs of my assertions, but for the rest they are numerous and convincing. Kosantinah still retains a great portion of the walls of Constantina, which extended from where the

* Korrah, pupil of the eye?—F. S.

Rumli or Er-Rumel enters the ravine, across the neck of land, and, when it was necessary, along the summit of the rocky precipice which forms the W. and N.W. boundary of the town. From the Kasbah, which almost overhangs the cascade, we see no traces of it along the edge of the ravine, nature had here rendered them superfluous. The Mohammedans have, however, erected batteries near El Kantarah to defend it. Kosantinah* (I call it by its Arab name to distinguish when speaking of it under the dominion of the Romans,) has four gates—Bab el Kantarah; Bab el Jabiyah, nearest to the entrance of the Rumli into the ravine; Bab el Wad, now closed; and Bab Jadid, nearest to the river, after it has made the circuit of the town. All these are of Arab construction, built, however, in great part with materials of Roman edifices; the superb gates with columns of red marble, mentioned by several travellers, do not now exist; and I may here observe, that the ancient edifices of late years suffered much, and in many instances have been entirely destroyed, in order to obtain materials for the fortifications of the town: especially this was the case with Ahmed Bey, when preparing to defend himself against the French forces. The town walls on the land side five feet thick, and in many parts with casements behind them, are built of Roman wrought stones. Kosantinah measures nearly two thousand seven hundred yards, or one and-a-third mile geographical, in circumference; the accounts which state its population at between 25,000 to 30,000 are probably correct. The period, however, at which I arrived in the town was not a favourable one for ascertaining its correctness, for with the exception of dead bodies, we scarcely saw more than two hundred or three hundred of its inhabitants; the rest all fled when they perceived the certainty of our taking their town. Judging from the size and decorations of the houses, and rich furniture and stores we found in them, a considerable portion of the inhabitants appear to have been very wealthy, and to have indulged in much luxury. Neither did I see any indications of extreme poverty in any of the habitations; there appeared to exist a general degree of comfort which is seldom found in any large towns, even in Europe. The greater part of the houses are built from two to five feet above the ground, on large square-cut blocks of the dark-grey calcareous stones, the remains of ancient buildings. Kostantinah from a distance has not the gay and white appearance of the towns of the East, or even of other parts of Barbary; this is owing to the peculiarity of the houses, not being covered

* Kosantinah, a corruption of Kostantinah, has long been in use. See Idrisi, Africa (Ed. Hartmann), pp. 123, 203, &c.

with white-washed terraces, but with tiled roofs, a *dos d'ane*. During wet weather Kostantinah, as seen from Mansurah, or any of the other commanding elevations, presents itself, from this circumstance, in a most gloomy and dull aspect. None of the mosques, public buildings, or houses, are remarkable for any beauty or elegance of architectural design. Judging from the size and height of the minarets, or rather towers, (for they resemble not the graceful ones of Turkey,) and not from their fame or sanctity, there are nine principal mosques in the town; but since this, the names of thirteen have been given me, besides several chapels. The Bey's new palace, built about eight years ago, is a large edifice, and in its interior very handsome; white marble courts, galleries, fountains, and columns; bright and gaily painted walls; vivid and glossy *azulejos*, with Arabesque patterns; orange, citron, and pomegranate trees; mirrors, and numerous glass lamps suspended in all directions; with a due mixture of rich carpets, cushions, lion and leopard skins, form on the whole, a pleasing *ensemble*.

The inhabitants state that Kostantinah contains 9,000 houses, and 40,000 persons, but perhaps both these statements exceed the truth; however, from the reasons before given, I can form no decided opinion, and the exact number of houses had not, when I left the town, been correctly ascertained. About 17,000 soldiers might be quartered in the barracks, fonduks, palaces, and the large houses of the wealthier inhabitants, without having recourse to billets on all the houses in general.

Before our arrival provisions were very abundant and cheap; wheat, per sack, 8s. 6d. barley, per sack, 4s. 3d.; beef, per pound, 4d.; mutton, per quarter, 1s.; fowls, each, 5d. to 6d.

The inhabitants chiefly bake their bread at home; and the few public ovens which existed before those constructed by the French could only bake about 3,000 to 3,500 rations daily.

The land round the town belongs for the most part to the community in general, and is let out to a few of the principal families; these let it again to the actual cultivators, who receive one-fifth of the produce. The land is fertile and produces generally 30 per cent.

The principal manufactures in the town are those of saddles, bridles, boots, slippers, and gaiters. The leather for these objects is dyed of a dingy red colour, with the bark of the delbragh. A few coarse blankets are also made. About twenty-five men were employed by the Bey in the manufacture of gun-powder. All the arms are made in the hilly districts of the Beni 'Abbas. A considerable trade was carried on with the south

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from which, in return for corn, saddlery, and objects of European manufactures, the Kostantinians received gold dust, ostrich feathers, slaves and the finer sort of haiks, both of wool and silk. From 1,200 to 1,500 mule-loads of corn, &c., were yearly sent to Tunis, from which European goods were brought in return.

The valley to the N.W. and W., through which flows the Rumli, after it has disengaged itself from the ravine, is of great beauty; the river winds much in its course, and is bordered by a few villas and numerous gardens, rich in every variety of vegetable and fruit-trees, with extensive groves of pomegranate, olive, fig, orange, and citron; the view in this direction is bounded in the distance, by a bold range of mountains. North, or a little westerly of Kostantinah is the hill of Sidi Meshid and the Jebel el Wahh [the wild mountain], to the east Mansurah, to the south Kudyat 'Ati, and to the west of south, Jebel-esh-Shatabah [mountain of heather], the rocky Sidi Suleiman, and the range of Zawawiyah. In the Jebel Jebbas (plaster) a part of the last-named range, gypsum is found, and the stones are burnt in the ravine Shabt-er-rusas. The ancient remains in and around Kosantinah, I shall merely enumerate, without entering into descriptions. Where now stands the Kasbah was the Numidic citadel, some parts of the walls of which are still seen, as well as the remains of a large edifice, with the bases and pedestals of very large columns of the dark-grey stone; these bases measure seven feet square. This must either have been a double temple, or a palace (of Syphax?). It was also the Roman citadel, and called by them, as an inscription informs us, the Capitol; great portions of the Roman walls exist. Here are also large cisterns divided into twenty-one compartments; and there is also a church, of perhaps the time of Constantine. In the town is a Tetrapiyon, or rather was, for one of its gates or arches has been destroyed. Near it, but unconnected, are two other arches. A great part of El Kantarah is Roman; the bas-relief on it, of a woman and two elephants, was incorrectly copied by Shaw. On the east or right of the ravine, is a circus, of which the arch, called Kasr Gulah, (now destroyed,) formed the entrance; near it are two sets of cisterns. At the entrance of the river into the ravine are the remains of a large stone dam extending across its breadth. On the right bank of the Rumli, and close to its junction with the Abu-Merzuk, is a fine aqueduct; six arches of the lower tier only remain, but over the river it must have had three tiers of arches to have carried the water to the elevation at which, on Kudyat 'Ati, we afterwards find parts of its channel. A short way higher up the stream, are the vestiges of a Roman

bridge, and the traces of the road from Cirta to Carthage. On the different heights which, though incorrectly, are generally by Europeans included in the name of Kudyat 'Ati, are many remains, cisterns, channels of aqueducts, two paved Roman roads, houses, &c. At the foot of the precipice, on the west of the town, are the tepid Roman baths, now called of Sidi Meimun, the waters mark 31 centr. [102° Fahr.], and abound with tortoises. Lower down are the ruins of a Numidian mausoleum, which, like those of Kubrer-rumiyah [Roman graves] and Medrassem, rose by steps to a point; it is however square, and not round. On the ridge between Bab Jedid and Kudyat 'Ati was the theatre, another of which existed not far from the Bardo. Many inscriptions exist in and near Kosantinah.

Anecdote Gallery.

RELICS OF WOLSEY.

FOREMOST among the acts of laudable munificence, which are so many redeeming points in the character of Cardinal Wolsey, must be placed his genius for architecture, the indulgence of which was one of the ruling passions of this princely prelate. Fortunately for posterity, this taste was exercised conjointly with his zeal for the advancement of learning. Thus, while uniting with Erasmus, at Oxford, in encouraging the study of the Greek writers, or, as it was then called, the new learning, he enlarged and embellished his college, (Magdalen,) and built the tower of the chapel known to this day as *Wolsey's Tower*, and admired for the chaste simplicity and elegance of its architecture. It is, however, lamentable to find that "the building of this tower involved Wolsey in pecuniary embarrassments which affected his reputation: for he is affirmed to have fraudulently applied the college funds, over which his office of bursar gave him some control, to the erection of the edifice; and is even reported to have used violent means to supply himself from the college treasury with the necessary money. The same taste for building attended and embarrassed him in every stage of his career: for no sooner was he settled in his "cure" than he set about repairing and beautifying the church and parsonage house; and to this day Esher, Christ Church College Oxford, and Hampton Court, remain monuments of his wealth, love of magnificence, and genius for architecture. Never, indeed, was there a clergyman to whom the designation in the epigram—*ut domem pastor et ædificem*—would more happily apply."

The present Engraving shows an interesting memorial now standing in the grounds of Esher Place, described in the *Mirror*, vol. xviii., p. 408. This tower was spared by



(Wolsey's Tower, Esher Place.)

Mr. Spicer, when he pulled down the greater part of the old mansion. The reader will recollect Esher, or "Asher," as the retreat of Wolsey from the scorn of his royal master, and the joy of the world at his downfall.

"Wolsey spent some weeks at Esher, (says one of his biographers,) a prey to his fears and mortified ambition. As might be expected, the world, that had paid him such abject court in his prosperity, deserted him in this fatal reverse of his fortune. Wolsey was not himself prepared for what he conceived to be base ingratitude: it surprised and depressed him; and the same pride, unsupported by true dignity of character, which made him be vainly elated with his recent grandeur, made him now doubly sensitive to the humiliations of adversity. Under any circumstances he would be unfit for solitude: the glory more even than the power annexed to high station, and the gaze of the multitude being the breath of his nostrils; the calm contentment of private life was to him a sound of no meaning. What, then, must have been his feelings in this first hour of his misery?

"Now the thought
Both of lost happiness (?) and lasting pain
Torments him."

Baffled in all the schemes of his ambition; disgraced before his rivals; abandoned by the world, and forsaken by his royal master!—his heart was not yet sufficiently chastened by affliction to seek for consolation in its only true source—religion; but still clung with the despair of a lover to the hope of the royal mercy. His letters to Gardiner, whom he had the merit of bringing forward from obscurity, and who, excepting his other secretary, Cromwell, of all his followers, alone retained grateful respect for their benefactor in his fallen fortunes, bespeak the agony of

his feelings. They are usually subscribed, 'With a rude hand and sorrowful heart, T. Card^{us}. Ebor. *miserrimus*,' and are scarcely legible, from the excitement under which they seem to have been written."

A singular anecdote is related in connexion with the neighbourhood of Esher. When Wolsey was on his road from Cawood Castle, to take his trial, he was "so weak and spirit-broken, that he was obliged to rest eighteen days at Sheffield-park, where he was most humanely treated by its owner, the Earl of Shrewsbury. He was there informed that Sir William Kingston, the constable of the Tower, was coming to conduct him to London. On hearing the name of 'Kingston' Wolsey was overcome by grief and consternation; for his mind, weakened by disease and calamity, and imbued with a portion of the superstitious spirit of the age, instantly saw in the name the fulfilment of a prophecy, that he should end his days near 'Kingston,' on which account he never would pass through the town of Kingston, that lay between London and his residence at Esher."

There, amidst delightful and picturesque scenery stands the above memorial of the ambitious minister, the powerful favourite, the selfish ecclesiastic—and the victim to tyranny,—yet a tyranny that he had himself assisted both to form and exercise. Alas! how troubled were the times which the sight of this structure recalls to our memory! How painful is the contrast with the scenes of peaceful Nature around it; with the refreshing quiet of the wood, and the repose of the water, whereon the nothingness of human glory may be shown in one simple but sublime problem. How painful, we repeat, is the contemplation of such contrasts, yet, how fraught with lessons for our happiness. We weep over the fallen fortunes of men,

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and their abuse of the means entrusted to them for the improvement of their fellow-creatures; and, what a rebuke do we receive from the reflection that Nature surrounds us with the means of endless enjoyments, while art, by its subtlety, perverts and corrupts, thus weaning the affections from the beautiful and the pure. But, as touchingly observed by Mr. Bulwer, "in the bosom of Nature there beats no heart for man!"

Sketch-Book.

THE BURNING SHIP AND THE SIGNAL GUNS. (From the *New York Mirror*.)

I REMEMBER an occurrence connected with one of the voyages which I made across the Atlantic, which exhibited, by a fearful example, how potent an ally imagination may become to the conscience in its persecution of the guilty.

Late in the autumn of 18—, I happened to be in the southern part of the United States, when some affairs of importance required my speedy appearance in Italy. The delay which would have occurred by coming to New York to embark, and the inconvenience of travelling by land at that season, induced me to engage a passage at once in a vessel which was about to sail from Charleston, laden with cotton for Marseilles. The ship was commanded by Captain S., who was also the owner of the cargo.

Without any note-worthy occurrence, we had arrived within a few days sail of the coast of Spain, when we spoke a ship which had just come from Marseilles; the vessels exchanged the latest papers of their respective countries, and went on again in their several courses. When the French gazettes were opened within our ship, our captain read with unexpected delight that so small was the supply of cotton in the market, and so strong the demand for it, that the next vessel which arrived with a freight of it, might command almost any price which the avarice of the owner should dictate. The wind, which had been for some days setting a little towards the south, was at this time getting round to the east, and promised to bring us without delay directly to the Mediterranean. The captain perceived that, by availing himself to the utmost of this freshening breeze, he might, pretty certainly, realize a splendid fortune; a consideration which, as he had for years struggled with little success in the pursuit of wealth, filled him with the most enthusiastic joy. Every sail was expanded to the wind, and we advanced with the greatest rapidity.

On the following morning a light was descried to the west, apparently directly in the course which we were making; as we proceeded briskly, however, it fell considerably to the south of us, and we perceived that it was a ship on fire. The light increased every moment, and the signal guns fell upon

our ears with distressing rapidity. The captain was at this time pacing the deck, as he had done almost constantly since the intelligence had reached him from the passing vessel; for the restlessness of expectation scarcely allowed him to repose for a moment. His eye was directed resolutely toward the north; and though the light now glared unshunnable, and the frequent shots could not be unheard, and the commotion and exclamation of the passengers could not be unnoticed—his glance never fell upon the object which engrossed all others.

After a few moments of intense wonder and excitement among the passengers and crew at the silence of the captain, the steersman called to him and asked if he should not turn out to the distressed vessel; but the other rudely ordered him to attend to his own concerns. A little while after, at the solicitation of the whole company on board, I went up to the captain and said to him that I deemed it my duty to inform him that the universal desire of his crew was that relief should be given to the burning ship. He replied with agitation that the vessel could not be saved, and that he should only lose the wind; and immediately went down to the cabin and locked the door, he was a kind hearted man by nature, and on ordinary occasions few would have taken greater trouble to benefit a fellow being. But the prospect of riches was too much for his virtue; the hope of great gain devoured all the better feelings of his nature, and made his heart as hard as stone. If his mother had shrieked from the flames I do not believe that he would have turned from his course.

The crew in this condition of things, had nothing to do but to lament the master's cruelty and submit to it. They watched the fiery mass, conscious that a large company of their brethren was perishing within their sight, who, by their efforts, might probably be saved. It was not for several hours that the captain appeared again upon the deck, and from his appearance then, I imagine that the conflict during his solitude must have been severe and trying. I stood near him as he came up. His face had a rigid yet anxious look; the countenance of a man who braved, yet feared some shock. His back was turned to the quarter from which we came, and in that position he addressed to me calmly some indifferent observations. While the conversation went on, he cast frequent and hurried glances to the south and east till his eyes had swept the whole horizon, and he had satisfied himself that the ship was no longer in view; he then turned fully round, and with an affected gaiety, but a real uneasiness which was apparent in the random character of his remarks, drew out his glass, and having, by a long and scrutinizing examination satisfied his fears, at length recovered his composure.

When we reached our destination, I found a ship just preparing to sail for Florence and I took my passage, leaving the captain to dispose of his cargo at his pleasure. About eight months after this, when I had almost forgotten the occurrence, I was sitting in the private parlour of a London hotel when a letter was put into my hands from Captain S. It stated that the writer, who was in the city, had heard of my arrival, and would esteem it a very great kindness if I would visit him at my earliest leisure; my coming would be of the utmost importance to himself and others; his servant, it added, waited to show me the way. I immediately set out to comply with the request.

Upon entering the room I was shocked at the change which had taken place in his appearance. He was thin, pale and haggard, with a wildness of eye that almost indicated that his reason was unsettled. He testified much joy at seeing me, and desiring me to be seated, began his communication.

"I have taken the liberty," said he, "of desiring your company at this time, because you are the only person in London to whom I can venture to make application; and I am going to lay upon you a commission, to which I am sure you will not object. The circumstances of our voyage to Marseilles will occur to your mind without my repeating them. I sold my cargo upon the most advantageous terms; and was rendered at once a rich man. The possession of wealth was new to me, and its enjoyment added, in my case, to its usual gratification, the charm of novelty. In the capital of Paris I spent many weeks of the highest pleasure, until one day, on entering a *café* I took up a gazette, and my eyes fell upon an account of the awful burning of H.B.M. ship ——. The announcement fell upon me like the bolt of heaven. My heart beat and my frame shivered; but I read every word of the article. The vessel which I passed the day before had seen the light from a great distance and immediately put back to render assistance, but arrived too late to rescue more than two of the crew. They reported that a vessel passed to the north of them within half an hour's sail, but paid no regard to the repeated signals; upon the commander of that ship, the article concluded, must rest the loss of two hundred persons.

"My peace of mind was gone for ever. My ingenuity could devise no sophistry which suggested comfort. Wherever I went that day, I was haunted by remorse. I retired to bed that I might forget in sleep the tortures of the day; but a terrific dream brought before my mind the whole scene of the conflagration, with the roar of the signal guns. I awoke with horror. Thrice on the same night did I compose myself to sleep, and thrice was I awakened by the repetition of the dream. For many hours on the suc-

ceeding day my spirits were shockingly depressed, but the gay company which I frequented gradually restored me to serenity, and by night I was tolerably composed. But the evening again brought terror; the same vision rushed upon my mind and racked it to agony whenever I fell into a slumber. Perceiving that if I yielded to this band of tormentors I should quickly be maddened by suffering, I resolved to struggle with remorse, and to harden my heart against conscience. I succeeded always, when awake, in mastering the emotion, but no power on earth could shield me from the torments of sleep. Imagining at length that the prostrate position of my bed might be one cause of the vividness of my dreams, I took the resolution of sleeping upright in a chair while my servant watched by me. But no sooner did my head drop upon my breast in incipient slumber, than the fire again tortured my brain; the booming guns again rang upon my inward ear. I sought all diversions, I wandered over Europe seeking to relieve myself from the domination of this fantasy by perpetual change of sights and succession of sounds; but in vain. Daily the horrid picture more and more enslaved my imagination, until at length even in waking, while my eye rested on vacancy, a burning ship was painted in the air, and with my waking ears I heard the eternal guns. The horror has absorbed my being. I am separated by a circle of fire from the world, I breathe the stifling air of hell. Even now, I see nothing but the wide sea and the incessant flame upon it; I hear now the agonizing signals, boom! boom!"

The unfortunate man paused for a moment, and upon human face never saw yet I such anguish. He resumed, in a few moments, his account.

"This must soon end. The purpose for which I have sent for you is briefly this. The whole sum of money which I gained by my ship's cargo is in the bank of England. I shall order in my will that every cent of it shall obey your disposal. I wish you to discover the families of those who perished in this vessel; you will learn their names by inquiring at the admiralty. Distribute to them every cent of this money. You will not deny the last request of a dying man; promise me that you will faithfully perform my wish."

I gave him the promise which he desired and I left him.

That night Captain S. took poison.

New Books.

ALICE: OR, THE MYSTERIES.

(Continued from page 204.)

[The ensuing chapter presents an eloquent sketch of the hero at this stage of the narrative.]

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In the heart, as in the ocean, the great tides ebb and flow. The waves which had once urged on the spirit of Ernest Maltravers to the rocks and shoals of active life, had long since receded back upon the calm depths and left the strand bare. With a melancholy, disappointed, and disgustful mind, he had quitted the land of his birth; and new scenes, strange and wild, had risen before his wandering gaze. Wearied with civilization, and sated with many of the triumphs for which civilized men drudge and toil, and disquiet themselves in vain, he had plunged amongst hordes, scarce redeemed from primal barbarism. The adventures through which he had passed, and in which life itself could only be preserved by wary vigilance, and ready energies, had forced him, for awhile, from the indulgence of morbid contemplations. His heart, indeed, had been left inactive; but his intellect and his physical powers, had been kept in hourly exercise. He returned to the world of his equals with a mind laden with the treasures of a various and vast experience, and with much of the same gloomy moral as that which on emerging from the Catacombs, assured the restless speculations of Rasselas, of the vanity of human life, and the folly of mortal aspirations.

Ernest Maltravers, never a faultless or completed character, falling short in practice of his own capacities, moral and intellectual, from his very desire to overpass the limits of the Great and Good, was seemingly as far as heretofore from the grand secret of life. It was not so in reality—his mind had acquired what before it wanted—*hardness*; and we are nearer to true virtue, and true happiness, when we demand too little from men, than when we exact too much.

Nevertheless, partly from the strange life that had thrown him amongst men whom safety itself made it necessary to command despotically—partly from the habit of power, and disdain of the world, his nature was interlarded with a stern imperiousness of manner, often approaching to the harsh and morose, though beneath it lurked generosity and benevolence.

Many of his younger feelings, more amiable and complex, had settled into one predominant quality, which more or less had always characterized him—Pride! Self-esteem made inactive, and Ambition made discontented, usually engender haughtiness. In Maltravers this quality, which properly controlled, and duly softened, is the essence and life of honour, was carried to a vice. He was perfectly conscious of its excess, but he cherished it as a virtue. Pride had served to console him in sorrow, and, therefore, it was a friend—it had supported him when disgusted with fraud, or in resistance to violence; and, therefore, it was a champion

and a fortress. It was a pride of a peculiar sort—it attached itself to no one point in especial—not to talent, knowledge, mental gifts—still less to the vulgar commonplaces of birth and fortune; it rather resulted from a supreme and wholesale contempt of all other men, and all their objects—of ambition—of glory—of the hard business of life. His favourite virtue was fortitude—it was on this that he now mainly valued himself. He was proud of his struggles against others—prouder still of conquests over his own passions. He looked upon FATE as the arch enemy against whose attacks we should ever prepare. He fancied that against fate he had thoroughly schooled himself. In the arrogance of his heart, he said, "I can defy the future." He believed in the boast of the vain old sage—"I am a world to myself!" In the wild career through which his later manhood had passed, it is true that he had not carried his philosophy into a rejection of the ordinary world. The shock occasioned by the death of Florence yielded gradually to time and change; and he had passed from the deserts of Africa and the East, to the brilliant cities of Europe. But neither his heart nor his reason had ever been enslaved by his passions. He had never again known the softness of affection. Had he done so, the ice had been thawed, and the fountain had flowed again into the great deeps. He had returned to England; he scarce knew wherefore, or with what intent; certainly not with any idea of entering again upon the occupations of active life; it was, perhaps, only the weariness of foreign scenes and unfamiliar tongues, and the vague, unsettled desire of change, that brought him back to the father-land. But he did not allow so unphilosophical a cause to himself; and, what was strange, he would not allow one much more amiable, and which was, perhaps, the truer cause—the increasing age and infirmities of his old guardian, Cleveland, who prayed him affectionately to return. Maltravers did not like to believe that his heart was still so kind. Singular form of pride! No, he rather sought to persuade himself, that he intended to sell Burleigh, to arrange his affairs finally, and then quit for ever his native land. To prove to himself that this was the case, he had intended at Dover to hurry at once to Burleigh, and merely write to Cleveland that he had returned to England. But his heart would not suffer him to enjoy this cruel luxury of self-mortification, and his horses' heads were turned to Richmond, when within a stage of London. He had spent two days with the good old man, and those two days had so warmed and softened his feelings, that he was quite appalled at his dereliction from fixed principles. However, he went before Cleveland had time to discop-

ver that he was changed; and the old man had promised to visit him shortly.

This, then, was the state of Ernest Maltravers, at the age of thirty-six—an age in which frame and mind are in their fullest perfection—an age in which men begin most keenly to feel that they are citizens. With all his energies braced and strengthened—with his mind stored with profusest gifts—in the vigour of a constitution to which a hardy life had imparted a second and fresher youth—so trained by stern experience as to redeem, with an easy effort, all the deficiencies and faults which had once resulted from too sensitive an imagination, and too high a standard for human actions;—formed to render to his race the most brilliant and durable service, and to secure to himself the happiness that results from sobered fancy—an upright heart and an approving conscience;—here was Ernest Maltravers, backed too, by the appliances and gifts of birth and fortune—perversely shutting up genius, life, and soul, in their own thorny leaves—soured, by looking only on the dark side of nature, as once he had been blinded by looking only on the bright;—and refusing to serve the fools and rascals, that were formed from the same clay, and gifted by the same God. Morbid and morose philosophy, begot by a proud spirit on a lonely heart!

[Mr. Merton having visited Maltravers, on the following day he joins a birth-day party at the Rectory.]

Evelyn was in her element; she had, as a child, mixed so little with children—she had so often yearned for playmates—she was still so childlike:—besides, she was so fond of Cecilia—she had looked forward with innocent delight to the day; and a week before, had taken the carriage to the neighbouring town—to return with a carefully concealed basket of toys—dolls—sashes—and picture-books. But somehow or other, she did not feel so childlike as usual, that morning; her heart was away from the pleasure before her; and her smile was at first languid. But in children's mirth there is something so contagious to those who love children;—and now, as the party scattered themselves on the grass, and Evelyn opened the basket, and bade them with much gravity, keep quiet, and be good children—she was the happiest of the whole group.

Maltravers remained all day at the Rectory, and shared in the ball—yes, he danced with Evelyn—he—Maltravers—who had never been known to dance since he was twenty-two! The ice was fairly broken—Maltravers was at home with the Mertons. And when he took his solitary walk to his solitary house—over the little bridge, and through the shadowy wood—astonished perhaps, with himself—every one of the guests

from the oldest to the youngest, pronounced him delightful.

[Maltravers is now constantly with the Merton family, and soon hears of the betrothment of Evelyn to his quondam friend, Lumley, now Lord Vargrave. He is mortified at this intelligence, and, hearing of Lord Vargrave's expected visit to the Rectory, Maltravers absents himself for a time from the Merton circle, and occupies himself in all the affairs that a mismanaged estate brought upon him.

The next chapter presents a fearful portrait of Vargrave, the desperate political adventurer, and reckless "man in office." As a sample of his expedients.]

His ambition inflamed by his discontent, he had, since his return to office, strained every nerve to strengthen his position. He met the sarcasms on his poverty, by greatly increasing his expenditure; and by advertising every where his engagement to an heiress whose fortune, great as it was, he easily contrived to magnify. As his old house in Great George-street—well fitted for the bustling commoner—was no longer suited to the official and fashionable peer, he had, on his accession to the title, exchanged that respectable residence for a large mansion in Hamilton Place;—and his sober dinners were succeeded by splendid banquets. Naturally, he had no taste for such things, his mind was too nervous, and his temper too hard to take pleasure in luxury or ostentation. But, now as ever—he acted upon a system. Living in a country governed by the mightiest and wealthiest aristocracy in the world, which, from the first class almost to the lowest ostentation pervades—the very backbone and marrow of society—he felt that to fall far short of his rivals in display was to give them an advantage which he could not compensate, either by the power of his connexions or the surpassing loftiness of his character and genius. Playing for a great game, and with his eyes open to all the consequences, he cared not for involving his private fortunes in a lottery in which a great prize might be drawn. To do Vargrave justice, money with him had never been an object, but a means—he was grasping but not voracious. If men much richer than Lord Vargrave find state distinctions very expensive, and often ruinous, it is not to be supposed that his salary, joined to so moderate a private fortune, could support the style in which he lived. His income was already deeply mortgaged, and debt accumulated upon debt. Nor had this man, so eminent for the management of public business, any of that talent which springs from justice, and makes its possessor a skilful manager of his own affairs. Perpetually absorbed in intrigues and schemes, he was too much engaged in cheating others on a large scale, to have

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time to prevent being himself cheated on a small one. He never looked into bills till he was compelled to pay them; and he never calculated the amount of an expense that seemed the least necessary to his purposes. But still Lord Vargrave relied upon his marriage with the wealthy Evelyn to relieve him from all his embarrassments; and if a doubt of the realization of that vision ever occurred to him, still public life had splendid prizes. Nay, should he fail with Miss Cameron, he even thought, that by good management, he might ultimately make it worth while to his colleagues to purchase his absence from the gorgeous bribe of the Governor-Generalship of India.

[In one of his private financial dilemmas, Vargrave contrives to borrow a sum of money from a banker, joint-trustee with him to Evelyn's fortune: the scene is cleverly sketched.]

He found the banker in his private sanctum—his carriage at the door—for it was just four o'clock, an hour in which Mr. Douce regularly departed to Caserta, as his villa was somewhat affectedly styled.

Mr. Douce was a small man, a nervous man—he did not seem quite master of his own limbs—when he bowed, he seemed to be making you a present of his legs—when he sat down he twined first on one side, then on the other; thrust his hands in his pockets, then took them out, and looked at them, as if in astonishment—then seized upon a pen, by which they were luckily provided with incessant occupation. Meanwhile, there was what might fairly be called a constant play of countenance—first, he smiled, then looked grave—now raised his eyebrows, till they rose like rainbows, to the horizon of his pale, straw-coloured hair—and next darted them down, like an avalanche, over the twinkling, restless, fluttering, little blue eyes which then became almost invisible. Mr. Douce had, in fact, all the appearance of a painfully-shy man, which was the more strange, as he had the reputation of enterprise, and even audacity, in the business of his profession, and was fond of the society of the great.

"I have called on you, my dear sir," said Lord Vargrave, after the preliminary salutations, "to ask a little favour, which, if the least inconvenient, have no hesitation in refusing; you know how I am situated with regard to my ward, Miss Cameron. In a few months I hope she will be Lady Vargrave."

Mr. Douce showed three small teeth, which were all that in the front of his mouth fate had left him; and then, as if alarmed at the indelicacy of a smile upon such a subject, pushed back his chair, and twitched up his blotting-paper-coloured trousers.

"Yes, in a few months I hope she will be Lady Vargrave; and you know then,

Mr. Douce, that I shall be in no want of money."

"I hope—that is to say, I am sure—that—I trust that never will be the ca-ca-case with your Lordship," put in Mr. Douce with timid hesitation. Mr. Douce, in addition to his other good qualities, stammered much in the delivery of his sentences.

"You are very kind, but it is the case just at present; I have great need of a few thousand pounds upon my personal security. My estate is already a little mortgaged, and I don't wish to encumber it more; besides, the loan would be merely temporary; you know that if at the age of eighteen Miss Cameron refuse me—(a supposition out of the question, but in business we must calculate on improbabilities)—I claim the forfeit she incurs—thirty thousand pounds—you remember."

"Oh, yes—that is—upon my word—I—I don't exactly—but—your lord—l-l-l-lordship knows best—I have been so—so busy—I forget the exact—hem—hem!"

"If you just turn to the will you will see it is as I say. Now, could you conveniently place a few thousands to my account, just for a short time?—but I see you don't like it. Never mind, I can get it elsewhere: only, as you were my poor uncle's friend—"

"Your lord—l-l-l-lordship is quite mistaken," said Mr. Douce, with trembling agitation; "upon my word; yes, a few thousand—thousands—to be sure—to be sure. Your lordship's banker is—is"

"Drummond—disagreeable people—by no means obliging. I shall certainly change to your house when my accounts are better worth keeping."

"You do me great—great honour; I will just—step—step—step out, for a moment—and—and speak to Mr. Dobs;—not but what you may depend on—Excuse me!—Morning Chron-chron Chronicle my lord!"

Mr. Douce rose, as if by galvanism, and ran out of the room, spinning round as he ran, to declare, again and again, that he would not be gone a moment.

"Good little fellow that—very like an electrified frog!" murmured Vargrave, as he took up the Morning Chronicle, so especially pointed out to his notice; and turning to the leading article, read a very eloquent attack on himself. Lumley was thick-skinned on such matters—he liked to be attacked—it showed that he was up in the world.

Presently Mr. Douce returned. To Lord Vargrave's amazement and delight, he was informed that ten thousand pounds would be immediately lodged with Messrs. Drummond. His bill of promise to pay in three months—five per cent. interest—was quite sufficient: three months was a short date; but the bill could be renewed on the same terms, from quarter to quarter, till quite convenient to his lordship to pay.

[The remainder of the volume is occupied mainly by Vargrave's political intrigues, the re-introduction of Lord Saxingham, and Maltravers's old friend Cleveland. Two new personages are also introduced; one of whom, Lord Doltimore, falls into the meshes of Vargrave's net.]

His lordship was a small, pale man, with a very limited share of understanding—supercilious in manner—elaborate in dress—not ill-natured *au fond*—and with much of the English gentleman in his disposition;—that is, he was honourable in his ideas and actions, whenever his natural dulness and neglected education enabled him clearly to perceive (through the midst of prejudices, the delusions of others, and the false lights of the dissipated society in which he had lived,) what was right and what wrong. But his leading characteristics were vanity and conceit. He had lived much with younger sons cleverer than himself, who borrowed his money, sold him their horses, and won from him at cards. In return they gave him all that species of flattery which young men can give with so hearty an appearance of cordial admiration. "You certainly have the best horses in Paris.—You are really a devilish good fellow, Doltimore. Oh, do you know, Doltimore, what little *Désiré* says of you? You have certainly turned the girl's head."

The Public Journals.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. BY BOZ.

The Money-lender at School.—Not confining himself to theory, or permitting his faculties to rust even at that early age in mere abstract speculations, this promising lad (Ralph Nickleby) commenced usurer on a limited scale at school, putting out at good interest, a small capital of slate-pencil and marbles, and gradually extending his operations until they aspired to the copper coinage of this realm, in which he speculated to considerable advantage. Nor did he trouble his borrowers with abstract calculations of figures, or references to ready-reckoners; his simple rule of interest being all comprised in the one golden sentence, "two-pence for every half-penny," which greatly simplified the accounts, and which, as a familiar precept, more easily acquired and retained in the memory than any known rule of arithmetic, cannot be too strongly recommended to the notice of capitalists, both large and small, and more especially of money-brokers and bill-discounters. Indeed, to do these gentlemen justice, many of them are to this day in the frequent habit of adopting it with eminent success.

In like manner, did young Ralph Nickleby avoid all those minute and intricate calculations of odd days, which nobody who has

ever worked sums in simple-interest can fail to have found most embarrassing, by establishing the one general rule that all sums of principal and interest should be paid on pocket money day, that is to say, on Saturday; and that whether a loan were contracted on the Monday or on the Friday, the amount of interest should be in both cases the same. Indeed he argued, and with great show of reason, that it ought to be rather more for one day than for five, inasmuch as the borrower might in the former case be very fairly presumed to be in great extremity, otherwise he would not borrow at all with such odds against him. This fact is interesting, as illustrating the secret connexion and sympathy which always exists between great minds. Though master Ralph Nickleby was not at that time aware of it, the class of gentlemen before alluded to, proceed on just the same principle in all their transactions.

Golden Square.—Although a few members of the graver professions live about Golden Square, it is not exactly in anybody's way to or from any where. It is one of the squares that have been; a quarter of the town that has gone down in the world, and taken to letting lodgings. Many of its first and second floors are let furnished to single gentlemen, and it takes boarders besides. It is a great resort of foreigners. The dark-complexioned men, who wear large rings, and heavy watch-guards and bushy whiskers, and who congregate under the Opera colonnade, and about the box-office in the season, between four and five in the afternoon, when Mr. Seguin gives away the orders,—all live in Golden Square, or within a street of it. Two or three violins and a wind instrument from the Opera band reside within its precincts. Its boarding-houses are musical, and the notes of pianos and harps float in the evening time, round the head of the mournful statue, the guardian genius of a little wilderness of shrubs in the centre of the square. On a summer's night, windows are thrown open, and groups of swarthy mustachioed men are seen by the passer-by lounging at the casements, and smoking fearfully. Sounds of gruff voices practising vocal music invade the evening's silence, and the fumes of choice tobacco scent the air. There, snuff and cigars, and German pipes and flutes, and violins, and violoncellos, divide the supremacy between them. It is the region of song and smoke. Street bands are on their mettle in Golden Square, and itinerant glee-singers quaver involuntarily as they raise their voices within its boundaries.

London Gardens.—Some London houses have a melancholy little plot of ground behind them, usually fenced in by four, high, white-washed walls and frowned upon by stacks of chimneys, in which there withers on from

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year to year a crippled tree, that makes a show of putting forth a few leaves late in autumn, when other trees shed theirs, and drooping in the effort, lingers on, all crackled and smoke-dried till the following season, when it repeats the same process, and perhaps if the weather be particularly genial, even tempts some rheumatic sparrow to chirrup in its branches. People sometimes call these dark yards "gardens;" it is not supposed that they were ever planted, but rather that they are pieces of unreclaimed land, with the withered vegetation of the original brick-field. No man thinks of walking in this desolate place, or of turning it to any account. A few hampers, half a dozen broken bottles, and such-like rubbish, may be thrown there when the tenant first moves in, but nothing more; and there they remain till he goes away again, the damp straw taken just as long to moulder as it thinks proper, and mingling with the scanty box, and stunted evergreens, and broken flower-pots, that are scattered mournfully about—a prey to "blacks" and dirt.

Mr. Ralph Nickleby and his Clerk.—In obedience to a summons the clerk got off the high stool (to which he had communicated a high polish, by countless gettings off and on). He was a tall man of middle-age, with two goggle eyes, whereof one was a fixture, a rubicund nose, a cadaverous face, and a suit of clothes (if the term be allowable when they suited him not at all) much the worse for wear, very much too small, and placed upon such a short allowance of buttons that it was quite marvellous how he contrived to keep them on.

"Was that half-past twelve, Noggs?" said Mr. Nickleby, in a sharp and grating voice.

"Not more than five-and-twenty minutes by the—" Noggs was going to add public-house clock, but recollecting himself, he substituted "regular time."

"My watch has stopped," said Mr. Nickleby; "I don't know from what cause."

"Not wound up," said Noggs.

"Yes, it is," said Mr. Nickleby.

"Over-wound, then," rejoined Noggs.

"That can't very well be," observed Mr. Nickleby.

"Must be," said Noggs.

"Well!" said Mr. Nickleby, putting the repeater back in his pocket; "perhaps it is."

Noggs gave a peculiar grunt as was his custom at the end of all disputes with his master, to imply that he (Noggs) triumphed, and (as he rarely spoke to any body unless somebody spoke to him) fell into a grim silence, and rubbed his hands slowly over each other, cracking the joints of his fingers, and squeezing them into all possible distortions. The incessant performance of this

routine on every occasion, and the communication of a fixed and rigid look to his unaffected eye, so as to make it uniform with the other, and to render it impossible for any body to determine where or at what he was looking, were two among the numerous peculiarities of Mr. Noggs, which struck an inexperienced observer at first sight.

"The Three M.M.P."—"I have seen two of them safely out of bed; and the third who was at Crockford's all night, has just gone home to put a clean shirt on, and take a bottle or two of soda-water, and will certainly be with us in time to address the meeting. He is a little excited by last night, but never mind that; he always speaks the stronger for it."

A Dissident.—Only one man in the crowd cried "No!" and he was promptly taken into custody, and straightway borne off.

Excitement.—The men shouted, the ladies wept into their pocket-handkerchiefs till they were moist, and waved them till they were dry.

Company Directors.—The petition in favour of the bill was agreed upon, and the meeting adjourned with acclamations, and Mr. Nickleby and the other directors went to the office to lunch, as they did every day at half-past one o'clock; and to remunerate themselves for which trouble, (as the Company was yet in its infancy,) they only charged three guineas each man for every such attendance.

The Miniature Board.—A miniature painter lived there, for there was a large gilt frame screwed upon the street-door, in which were displayed, upon a black velvet ground, two portraits of naval dress coats, with faces looking out of them, and telescopes attached; one of a young gentleman in a very vermilion uniform, flourishing a sabre; and one of a literary character with a high forehead, a pen and ink, six books, and a curtain. There was, moreover, a touching representation of a young lady reading a manuscript in an unfathomable forest, and a charming whole length of a large-headed little boy, sitting on a stool with his legs foreshortened to the size of salt-spoons. Besides these works of art, there were a great many heads of old ladies and gentlemen smirking at each other out of blue and brown skies, and an elegantly written card of terms with an embossed border.

The Money-lender's Sympathy.—"I can understand a man's dying of a broken neck, or suffering from a broken arm, or a broken head, or a broken leg, or a broken nose; but a broken heart—nonsense, it's the cant of the day. If a man can't pay his debts, he dies of a broken heart, and his widow's a martyr."

The Gatherer.

Pitcairn's Island.—The *Acteon*, Capt. Lord Edward Russell, lately returned to England, was for some time employed in visiting the South Sea Islands, and subsequently, on the 11th of January, 1837, arrived at Pitcairn's Island, so well known as the last place where the principal part of the mutineers of the *Bounty* resorted to, and the descendants of whom are now living there. Immediately on our arrival, says a correspondent of the *Hants Telegraph*, several of the natives came off in canoes, dressed in the English style; they continue to live in the religious way in which they were brought up by John Adams, the last survivor of the mutineers. The women, as well as the men, work in the yam fields, and are very industrious; there were ninety-two persons living on the island, three of whom were Englishmen, who had gone out there, and two of them, Messrs. Hill and Nobba kept schools; each had his own party, but the former person (Hill) had so far violated the limits of his situation, as to render it necessary, in Lord Edward Russell's opinion, for him to leave the island, which he promised to do. They have an abundance of goats, fowls, pigs, plantains, yams, and sweet potatoes, on the island, and appear very happy and comfortable, not at all wishing to leave the island.—*Athenæum*.

The Duchess of Marlborough, in one of her letters, gives the following account of the treatment she received from the finance minister, in 1742:—This letter will be as long as a Chancery bill; for I have a mind now to tell you, I had a new affront from our great and wise governors. Being quite weary of stewards and bailiffs, and likewise of mortgages, where one must be in the power of lawyers, which I reckon a very bad thing. I had a mind to lend some money upon the land-tax, thinking that would be easy and safe, at least for a year or two; and as it is free for every body to offer, when a loan is offered in the common way, I applied to Mr. Sandys,* but he would not take my money, if he could hinder it, and the reason I heard from a person of consequence, he gave was, that I had spoken ill of him. This diverted me; for it is of very little consequence the loss of so much interest, for so short a time, as in all probability I could have it.

W. G. C.

The Admiral made it a point with his nephew to break with those fine grand connexions, who plunged him into a sea of extravagance, and then never threw him a rope to save him from drowning.—*Bulwer*.

Pridential Consideration.—I have the pleasure of the personal acquaintance of a

* The Chancellor of the Exchequer.

very distinguished officer, whose lady having died in one of our colonies, and expressed a wish to be buried in England, was accordingly deposited in a cask of rum for the purpose of transport home, but who remained in the cellar of the said distinguished officer even after his second marriage, the detention being occasioned by his expectation that the duty on the spirit imported into England in which the dear departed was preserved, would in a few years be either lowered or taken off altogether; strange as this may seem, it is true.—*The Gurney Papers*.

Live Oak.—A friend tells us of a log of oak wood lately taken out of a vessel's hold, which was so full of worms that they ran off with it. This log, amongst other sticks of timber, was sold to a poor man for firewood. The question arises whether the buyer or seller must lose by the accident. We have heard of people who have walked off with a stick of wood from the wharfs, but never before knew a case where a stick walked off without assistance.—*Dublin Advertiser*.

Patriarchal Chambermaid.—Died, at Elgin, Mrs. Batchen, aged 107 years. This long-liver dwelt in Elgin from her infancy. She was, in the year of the Rebellion, 1746, servant to Lady Arradawal, who, at that time, resided in the house formerly belonging to the Earls of Sutherland, and lately called Batchen's Hall, a portion of which remained Prince Charles Stuart, on his way to Culloden, slept in this house, and Mrs. Batchen helped to make his bed. She used to relate that her mistress, Lady Arradawal, a staunch Jacobite, laid aside the sheets in which the Prince had lain, and gave strict orders that when she died they might be used as her shroud.—*Times*.

Love, like the plague, is often communicated by clothing and money.—*Dublin Advertiser*.

Not to be Caught.—He is not one to be blinded and flattered into the pale of a party; and your bird will fly away, after you have wasted a bucket-full of salt on his tail.

Home.—To woman the unhappiest home is happier than all excitement abroad.—*Bulwer*.

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